

BABYLAND



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BABYLAND

EDITED BY

THE EDITORS OF WIDE AWAKE



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BABY SANTA CLAUS

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From Greenland

This is Hans, the Eskimo,
Drest in furs from top to toe;
In a hood of bear-skin white
See his face so jolly-bright.

Baby Bunting tastes his food,
Thinks it is not very good,
And she feels a little fear
Of his pointed hunting-spear.



Hans, the little Eskimo,
Frolics in the ice and snow,
And instead of candy sweet
Strips of fat he likes to eat.

But across the shining ice,
In his doggy-sledge so nice,
Dearly would she love to go
With the little Eskimo.

A LITTLE GREAT-GRANDFATHER.



LITTLE JOHN QUINCY.

This is the portrait of a little Massachusetts baby-boy who lived more than two

hundred years ago. Does he not look odd in his long dress and long apron? See his big sleeves! See the handkerchief tied over his little lace cap! His name was John Quincy—we hope they called him “Johnny” and let him have a good time with his ball. He did not grow up to be a President as all little boys intend to now, but he grew up and became the great-grandfather of a President, John Quincy Adams, who was named after this solemn little Johnny.

“Stop your smile!” screamed Tim,

“You’re alive, you are!”

And away from the Doll

He crept ever so far.



THE STORY OF BABY'S SHIRT.

In a field the flaxplant grew,
Decked with blossoms brightly
blue;

And the flax all summer long
Laid its fibres straight and
strong.

By and by the reapers there
Gathered all the flax with care;
And the spinner said with glee,
"Here at last is work for me."

Then the spinning-wheel went
round

With a busy whirring sound,
Changing, changing as it sped
All the flax to linen thread.

Then the weaver said with
glee,

"Here at last is work for me;
All this thread I will combine
Into linen soft and fine."

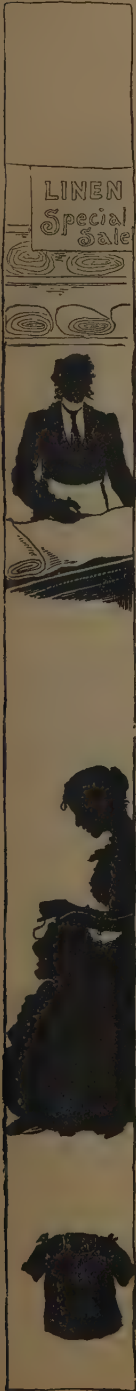


In his loom the threads he
 placed,
 Tossed the shuttle through in
 haste,
 Treading too with busy feet,
 Till the web was all complete.

Then the merchant with de-
 light
 Bought the linen fine and
 white,
 In his shop the web unrolled,
 And the linen soon was sold.

Some the Baby's mother
 bought,
 Then with tender loving
 thought
 Shaped the Baby's shirt so
 small,
 Set with love the stitches all.

So the little shirt is here
 Ready for the Baby dear;
 But of all its story true
 Not a thing the Baby knew!





Look at the stars!
Look, Baby dear!
Once, long ago,
One star rose clear,

And stood and shone
To show the way
Where Mary's Child
All lovely lay —

That Child to whom
My Baby prays;
 "For Jesus' sake,"
 My Baby says.

As little lambs,
 As little doves,
 All children dear
 Child Jesus loves.

If in the night
 You waken while
 All others sleep,
 Be glad, and smile,

And sleep again —
 Child Jesus stands
 And keeps you safe
 With His own hands.

SANTA'S MISTAKE.



BOB.

Among his Christmas gifts Bob found a gun, and that gun at once made a very terrible boy of Bob. He pointed it *bang!* *bang!* at his playmates, Molly the cat, and Dash the dog, and then rushed out-doors to "shoot something." A dear little bird was sitting in a tree by the door waiting for Bob to come out with crumbs, and how as-

ton-ished that bird was to see him come with a gun instead, shouting *bang! bang!* and looking so fierce!

If Santa knew how blood-thirsty a gun will make a little boy feel, he wouldn't bring any guns in his Christmas pack, I am sure.



THE BIRD.



WHY THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND SLEPT ON THE FLOOR.

THE MYSTERY IN POLLY'S NURSERY.

Little Polly was a good mother, but, like some grown-up mothers, she did not always know what went on in her nursery. She never knew why Frances Folsom Cleveland was found on the floor every morning. Every night Polly sang the dolls to sleep herself, each

in its own crib. But when Polly had gone out, in would come the White Kittens, skipping softly along in the dark, and claw Frances, the First Lady of the Land, out of the big crib, so that they could sleep in the soft blankets their naughty own selves!

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TWO WILD-CAT BABIES.

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From Ireland.

Curly head and big blue eyes
Underneath his high-top hat,
Dimples, freckles, laughter, tan,
This is little Pat.

He can build a little fire,
Boil potatoes in the pot,
And with Baby Bunting's help,
Eat them smoking hot.



Like a merry farmer-boy
He can plant and he can dig,
Turn a lively somersault,
Dance an Irish jig.

Up comes Piggy for a share,
Baby Bunting laughs at that;
"Sure, Piggy knows it's good!"
Says this merry Pat.

A LITTLE HEAD OF A FAMILY.

Little Kate woke up to a day of cares the morning after



INTRODUCING THE CHRISTMAS DOLLS.

Christmas. "I shall prob'ly be in the play-room all the morning," she said to her mother at breakfast. "You know I have a new fam'ly."

Kate was a pattern-child for order and politeness, and she minded all her "politeness-rules" in her play. She carefully introduced her "new fam'ly." She led the youngest up to the others. "This

is Miss Rose," she said to them. "Rose, this is Miss Violet, your eldest sister. This gentleman is Mr. Ko Kum Ho, who will be your escort when you go out. This cat is not a cat, but the Princess Ermine, an Enchanted Princess. I will leave you to get acquainted now, as I have new clothes to make for each one of you."

She cut out four suits of clothes that morning, and her mother, passing the door, heard



NEW SUITS FOR FOUR.

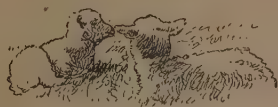
her say, "I guess my mamma's glad she has only me!"

THE STORY OF BABY'S BLANKET.

Once a little Baby,
On a sunny day,
Out among the daisies
Took his happy way.
Little lambs were frisking
In the fields so green,
While the fleecy mothers
All at rest were seen.

For a while the Baby
Played and played and
played ;
Then he sat and rested
In the pleasant shade.
Soon a Sheep came near him,
Growing very bold,
And this wondrous story
To the Baby told :





"Baby's little blanket,
 Socks and worsted ball,
 Winter cap and mittens,
 And his flannels all,
 And his pretty afghan
 Warm and soft and fine,
 Once as wool were growing
 On this back of mine!

"And the soft bed blankets,
 For his cosey sleep,
 These were also given
 By his friends, the sheep."
 Such the wondrous story
 That the Baby heard:
 Did he understand it?
 Not a single word!





MY LITTLE VALENTINE.

HOW TO CHOOSE A VALENTINE.

You may choose your Valentine —

I have safely picked out mine;

This sunshiny little girl,

Brownest eye and brownest curl,

Bare her foot and bare her arm,

Not a bow or frill to charm,

Kitchen-child, as all may see—

Why is she so dear to me?

Don't you see that little Bess

Helps herself to happiness?

Has no doll, but never cries:

In her shawl an apple ties

For a dolly's big, round head;

Then the ragged shawl is spread

Nice and smooth for dolly's gown —

Finest doll in all the town!

See the apple-dolly pressed

To the little mother-breast!

Dearest doll and dearest Bess!

Here is perfect happiness.

That's the kind of girl to get

For a playmate and a pet —

Let it rain, or let it shine,

I shall love my Valentine!



JUDGE JACK-IN-THE-BOX MAKES HIS COMPLAINT.

THE DISSATISFIED PRESENTS.

One night, a month after Christmas, Polly's Presents met in the nursery. They had become dissatisfied, and wished to ask the Kittens' advice. Judge Jack-in-the-Box spoke for them. "We are only Christmas Presents," said he, "but we object to being given to Rich Children. They tire of

us so soon! I am already left in my box for days at a time. If Miss Polly does not care for us, why does she not give us, *while we are new*, to some Poor Child who would play with us the year round?"

The Kittens said it was a just complaint and that Miss Polly should be spoken to.

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LITTLE AH LING'S PONY (THE CHINESE BUFFALO).



GUY WOULD NOT HAVE THE CLAY BOUND ON.

GUY'S POULTICE.



One day, when Guy was in the garden, a big bumble-bee stung the inside of his right hand. "Oh! oh!" Guy screamed, running to his grandmamma. "A big, bad bee has bited

me! it hurts; oh! how it hurts!"

Grandmamma looked at the poor little palm and found it swelled hard and red.

She said, "Guy must let mamma put a blue clay poultice on to draw out the ache." But Guy wouldn't.

He cried and pulled off the bandage just as fast as his mamma could put it on.

Then Guy's mamma said, "There is more than one way to keep a plaster of wet clay on this little hand, till the ache is gone." She gave Guy a great soft ball of blue clay dough.

It was nice clay, and a great time Guy had with it, spatting cakes and rolling

pies and lining tins, and then spatting the whole mass back into a big wet ball to make out of it queer dishes and dolls and dogs. His little hands, the well hand and the sick hand, were busy in the clay dough the whole forenoon, and when Guy's mamma looked at the sick hand it was well. The pain and swelling had hid somewhere in the blue clay.

CUTTING DOLLY'S HAIR.

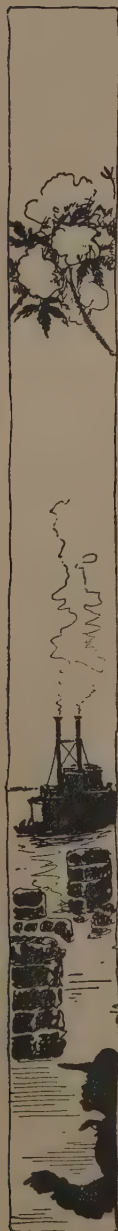


MAMMA KNOWS.

Keep quiet, Edith Angeline;
Surely, my child, you know
The more you cut a person's hair
The more the hair will grow.

I dare say in a week or two
(Hush! I *am* making haste)
'T will be in lovely golden curls
Clear down below your waist.

THE STORY OF BABY'S COTTON GOWN.



Sing ho ! for the planter
Who planted the cotton,
Sing ho ! for the sunny fields
Where it did grow !

Sing ho ! for the workers
Who gathered the treasure
From all the big buds
As they burst with its snow !

Sing ho ! the good spinner
Whose busy wheel turning
Then spun out the cotton
To thread strong and thin



Sing ho! for the weaver
Who wove them together
Within his great loom —
Oh! the clatter and din!

Sing ho! for the merchant
Who sold the new cotton
To many a mother
In city and town.

Sing ho! for the mothers
And babies together,
For baby is dressed
In a new cotton gown.





"HOW DOES MY GRANDMA DO THIS, I WONDER?"

BABY'S DREAM OF SPRING.



BABY TELLS HER DREAM.

The Baby woke from her little nap
And ran to climb in her mamma's lap.
"I have had a pretty dream," she said,
"All by myself in my crib-sy bed.
Our flowers all came back to their stalks
Right up and down by the garden walks,
And I heard our birds and heard our bees,
And all the apples were on the trees!"
"And it will come true!" the mamma said
As she kissed the Baby's wondering head.

GOING TO GRANDPA'S.

We are driving along
By the railroad track —
See the wheels go over
And over and back!
To grandpa's we're going
To visit all day,
And our wheels keep rolling
And rolling away!
Toot! toot! there's the whistle!
Hear the flag-man cry!
We must stop while the train
Goes thundering by!



DANGER AHEAD!

B ABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS From Spain

Senorita Teresita —
 Could a little name be sweeter?
 Has two eyes as black as jet,
 Curly ringlets blacker yet.

With her laces, and her graces,
 And her little dancing paces,
 She is such a dainty maid
 Baby Bun is half afraid.



Sweetly singing to the ringing
 Of her soft guitar, or swinging
 To and fro her fleecy fan
 As a Spanish lady can,

And the airy Spanish fairy
 Is demure and shy and wary;
 So they sit with bashful cheek —
 Which will be the first to speak?

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BABY'S KIND BIG BROTHER.

WHAT A LITTLE SISTER DID.



JOHNNY.

One day, last winter, Johnny and Edith were all alone up stairs. Mamma was down in the pantry skimming milk, Aunt Helen had gone for a sleigh-ride, papa was busy in the barns and Clara and Ralph were at school.

Johnny is two years old and Edith is six. Johnny was in his little bed, and Edith sat reading in the upstairs sitting-room.

There was a big fire blazing in the open stove.

Mamma's thimble lay on top of the stove. Johnny had just got up, and as he ran out into the sitting-room he saw the thimble and stepped on to the stove-hearth to reach it. A bright flame shot out and lapped his little night-gown. In a minute he was all in a blaze. Oh! how he screamed!

Edith looked up and saw her little brother was afire.



EDITH.

There wasn't time to run for mamma, or to scream for papa, or to dance up and down, crying, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" There was *just* time for her to spring to the great, heavy, hooked hearth-rug on which Johnny stood, to catch up one end of it in her two stout, little hands, holding it high before her, and to flop the big, heavy, woolen thing right over him.

It pitched him flat, but the rug covered him all over.

"It just sniffed that blaze right out, mamma," Edith said,

when mamma came running up stairs to see what that scream meant.

She doubled back the rug and found Johnny under it, safe, but with little singes on his chin and wrists, and the front of his night-gown *gone*, and a great blister on his little stomach!

Edith had a big wax doll for her birth-day gift — and do you not



EDITH'S PRESENT.

think she deserved it? Little Johnny is sure she did.



Hippity-hop! Thanksgiving's gone by,
And Christmas, too, and we're not in a pie!

THE STORY OF BABY'S SHOES.



'Mong the mountains far away,
Nibbling, browsing all the day,
Lived a kid with fine soft
skin —

Good for shoes for Babykin.

So the farmer, first, with speed
Sent the kid for Baby's need;
Then the tanner tanned the
skin

For the sake of Babykin.

Clip! the cobbler's shears did
go,

Clip! clip! clip! round top
to toe;



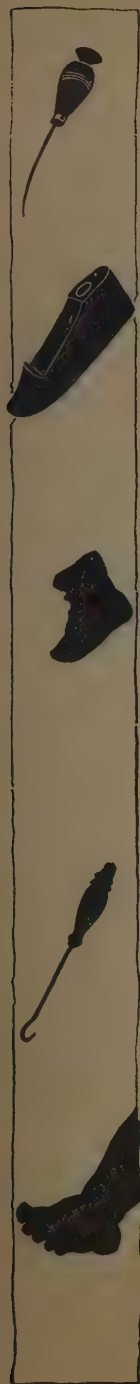
So he cut the leather thin
Shaping shoes for Babykin.

Tap! tap! tap! upon the last;
Stitch and stitch so strong and
fast;

Thus the cobbler made the skin
Into shoes for Babykin.

And when Baby's toes peeped
through

Dainty socks of pink and blue,
Kid shoes, shiny, soft and thin,
Mamma bought for Babykin.





THE BIRD ON THE WING.



PUSSY-CAT.



THE WOLF.



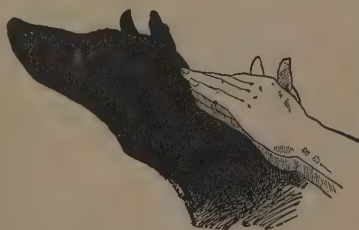
THE ANGRY SWAN.



THE FRENCH SOLDIER.



THE JOCKEY ON HORSEBACK.



THE GREYHOUND.



THE SOLDIER LAUGHING.



THE ELEPHANT.

A LAMPLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE NURSERY.

'Tis the Baby's Show, and we'll all go in!
 You can pay with a kiss or perhaps with a pin!
 Papa is a wizard and mamma's a witch,
 When either commands—no matter which—
 The horses and cats and soldiers and all
 Leap out from the dark and walk on the wall!

WHAT BABY DID.

The ginger-jar stood snugly hid,
 And this is what the Baby did:
 He climbed to where the dainties are,
 And, reaching for that hidden jar,
 He thrust his naughty fingers in it!
 But he repented it next minute.
 A little mouse had just then come;
 He thought it was a sweetmeat crumb—
 And fell to nibbling Baby's thumb:

Tweak! squeak!
Shriek! shriek!



"HE BIT MY THUMB!"

TWO MARKET GARDENERS.



"WE'LL EARN A PENNY."

Said Joey to Neddy,
 "Let's get the ground ready;
 With our rakes and our hoes,
 We'll cultivate rows
 Of peas and of beans
 And posies and greens,
 To get us a penny—
 For now we've not any!"

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

FROM JAPAN

His face is very brown,
This funny little man;
He wears a flowery gown
From far Japan.

Such dainty jars he has,
Such fans and parasols,
Such cunning tiny cups,
And O such dolls!



He clicks his wooden shoes
And bows to Baby Bun,
And many pretty things
Shows, one by one.

And then, so very kind
And so polite is he,
He brings her on a tray
A cup of tea.

BABYLAND

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BABY BEARS AT PLAY.

OLD AZ'S STAMP.



"OLD AZ."

Az is Aunt Jane's big handsome white cat. He is a great pet, and sleeps on the best cushion in the best chair.

He loves to walk across the piano keys to hear the music he makes. When he comes to the bass-note keys, he pounds his hind feet down hard, so to

make a big noise. If he gets shut out of doors, he will jump up and strike the latch till the door opens.

Old Az loves butter and when Aunt Jane churns, he is sure to be near. He knows she will give him crumbs of butter when she is working it.

One day Aunt Jane carried her butter-board full of nice, golden balls into the milk-room. She spread a square of thin cloth over the butter. She did not notice that old Az scud in and hid under the shelves.

When Aunt Jane had gone out, Az jumped on to the shelf and walked across the butter board. His big, heavy feet stamped the butter with deep tracks. Every toe-mark was there. The clover-leaf on Aunt Jane's butter balls was

not stamped half so plainly as old Az's stamp.

Aunt Jane had company to tea. "The girl brought in the butter and did not see its new trade-mark. When the butter was passed, every one stared at the plate and said, "No, I

thank you." Aunt Jane was surprised. She said, "Now, do try some of my nice butter;" but when she saw Az's track on the golden ball, she set the plate behind the cake basket and said no more about her "nice butter."



"WHAT SHALL I DRAW?"



"THIS IS YOU!"

THE STORY OF BABY'S SASH.



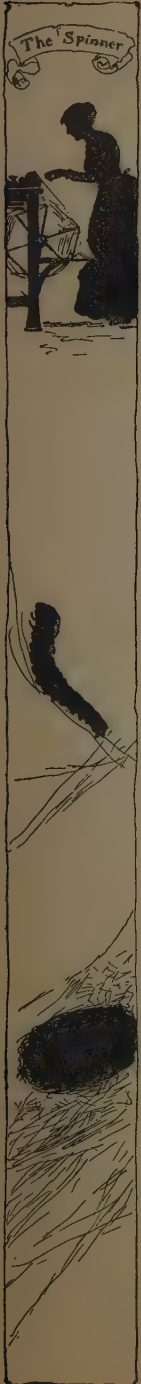
Grandmamma has bought a
gift
Beautiful as may be —
Such a dainty silken sash!
We must thank her, Baby.

“No,” said Grandmamma, “for I
From the Merchant bought it.”
“Thank me not,” the Mer-
chant said,
“’Twas the Weaver brought it.”

“Thanks to *me*!” the Weaver
cried,
“I can scarce believe it!
’Twas the Dyer gave the silk,
And *I* did but weave it.”

To the Dyer, then, we’ll go
Many thanks bestowing:





“For the *sash*! Why, I gave
naught
But its colors glowing.”

“Nor to me your thanks be-
long,”
Quickly said the Spinner;
“But I think I know the one
Who *should* be their winner.

“All the silken thread so fine—
Listen now!— I found it
In a Silkworm’s small cocoon,
And from there unwound it!”

Here, then, was the sash begun;
So, though strange it may be,
’Twas the Silkworm, after all,
Gave the sash to Baby.





SHOWERY WEATHER IN THE KITCHEN.



BABY'S TROUBLES.

There once was a Baby
 Who wanted to play,
 But Kitty and Doggy
 Had both run away.
 His blocks tumbled over,
 His lamb wouldn't squeak,
 And out of his dolly
 The sawdust *would* leak.

His drum had a hole in,
 His soldiers *would* fall,
 He'd broken his wagon,
 And lost his nice ball;
 His "Jumbo" was stupid,
 His gun wouldn't shoot,
 His reins were all tangled,
 His horn wouldn't "toot"!

And Nursie was busy,
 And mamma was out—
 So there was poor Baby
 Almost in a pout,
 When in came Big Sister:
 "Oh! Baby, just look!
 I've brought something for you,
 A nice picture book!"

And then little Baby
 Had *such* a good time,
 Forgetting his troubles
 In picture and rhyme,
 And stories that Baby
 Could well understand—
 For Sister had bought him
 A new "BABYLAND"!

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

from Scotland.

This little Scottish laddie
Lives up among the hills;
He tends his sheep and cattle
Where run the mountain rills.

He marches like a soldier,
The' chieftain of his clan;
He has a shining bugle
And blows it like a man.



He wears a cap and tartan
As gaudy as you please,
A petticoat of woollen
That reaches to his knees.

He plays upon his bag-pipes
Until the echoes ring,
And teaches Baby Bunting
To dance the Highland Fling.

BABYLAND

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A LITTLE TURK.

THE JOYFUL ONES.



The joyful boy is little Peter,
 The joyful girl is little Polly,
 The joyful baby's name is Nelly,
 And joyful Nelly owns the dolly,
 And all three own the doggy —
 Dear little Jippity the Jolly.

Above there sits a little robin;
 He sees the joyful children winging;
 "What keeps their nest," he sits
 and wonders,
 "A-swinging so, and swinging,
 swinging?"

He wonders if that barking
 Can be the doggy's way of singing!

But hold the ropes so firm, so steady,
 For should you just let go, my
 Polly,

Then down would tumble joyful
 Peter

On little Nelly and her dolly,
 And they'd fall out head-foremost
 Right on dear Jippity the Jolly!

“ROLLER” AND “DITTO.”

How did we come to name our kitties “Roller” and “Ditto”?

It was this way.

Everywhere we went our kitties followed us. One day when our kitties ran after us in the flower-garden our little yellow-and-white kitty rolled over and over in the bed of pinks. Nannie said, “Let’s call him ‘Roller’ because he rolls in the pinks.”

And what do you suppose the little gray kitty did then?

Why, he rolled in the pinks just like “Roller;” and Jennie said,



“O, Nannie, I know what we’ll do; we’ll call him ‘Ditto.’”

Don’t you think they are cute names?

TOO LITTLE TO PLAY.



“Ring-rolly! ring-rolly!” crowed little Rob-baby. He tried to spring out of m a m m a’s arms. When

he saw the big round hoops

roll along, and saw Sue and Joe run after them, he felt just as a kitten feels when it sees a spool or ball roll—he tossed his little hands, and said “Ring-rolly! ring-rolly!”



THE STORY OF BABY'S MUG.

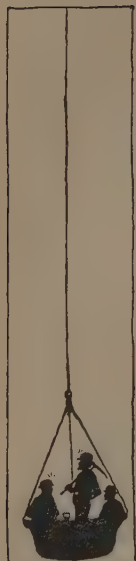
Silver comes to Baby soon —
Silver mug and silver spoon :
Sing a song of silver !

With a mountain first begin,
Where the silver hides within :
Sing a song of silver !

Dull and rough the rocks ap-
pear ;
Who would think a treasure
here ?
Sing a song of silver !

Sing the mines as dark as
night,
Sing the miner's little light :
Sing a song of silver !

Digging, digging, day by day,
So the miner works away :
Sing a song of silver !



Swinging, from the mines be-
low,
Up the loaded baskets go:
Sing a song of silver!

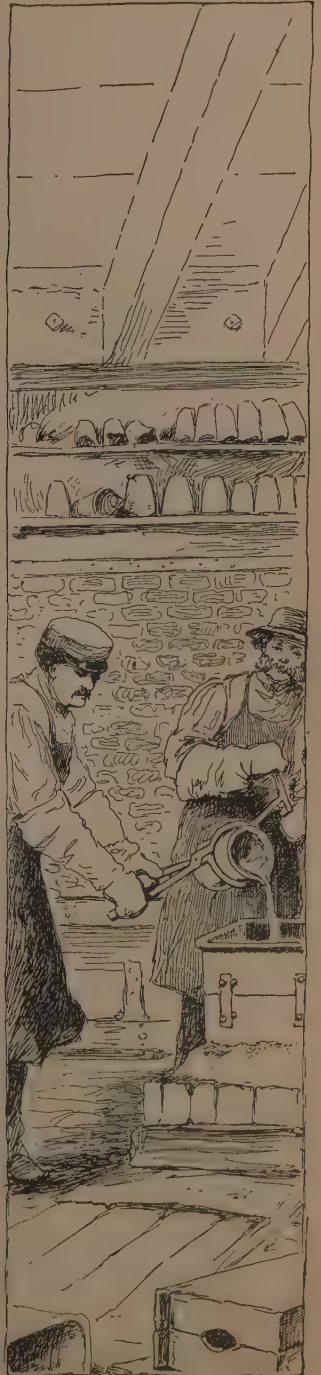
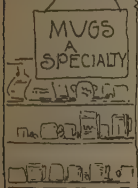
Sing the fire's flash and roar,
Silver gleams in melting ore:
Sing a song of silver!

Silver sleeping in the mould,
And the rest is quickly told:
Sing a song of silver!

Shapen is the silver soon—
Silver mug or silver spoon:
Sing a song of silver!



SILVERWARE





"SISTER'S LITTLE DARLING!"



"BABY SHALL HAVE A RIDE."



"WHAT! WANT TO RIDE MORE?"

NAN'S MORNING WITH BABY.

"*I can take care of him!*" said Nan, the day mamma wished to go to town. "I know I can. It's just to play with him and feed him and give him his nap."



"HOW HEAVY HE IS."

So mamma went. The pictures show how Baby and Nan

spent the morning. Baby at once wished to walk about — "Walk-y!" he said. So they went "walk-y, walk-y," until every part of the house had been visited. Then he wished



"DOES BABY SEE JUMPING-JACK?"

to be "took up" and go "walk-y." So Nan carried him "walk-y;" first in her arms, then "on one shoulder, then on the other. Baby did not tire of that kind of "walk-y;" Nan did.

"Now we will see the play-



"WALK-Y, WALK-Y!"

things," Nan gaily said. But to balls, tops and jumping-jacks Baby said, "No, walk-y!"

"Sister will undress him and give him his bread and milk," said Nan, "and then he shall have a nice nap."

But Baby gave a quick kick with his naughty little fat foot, and off the table went the



"NO! NO! WALK-Y!"

bowl of bread and milk, *crash!* and off Nan's lap went Baby.



"YAH-YAH! YAH! YAH!"

In the picture we see how mamma found Baby and Nan.



WHEN MAMMA CAME.

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From Holland

Little Katrinka Van Tink,
A rosy Dutch lassie, you see,
Is merry from morning to night
And busy as busy can be.

Skimming the rich yellow cream,
Churning, the butter to make;
When Baby Bunting would try,
O, how her shoulders do ache!



Washing the dishes so clean,
Rubbing up tables and chairs;
Polishing kettles and pans
Bright as the mirrors up-stairs.

“ Little Dutch women all work,
That is the reason, I think,
We are so merry and strong,”
Says little Katrinka Van Tink.

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"WHO ARE YOU?"



"ALL IN WHITE."

MAMMA'S GAME.

As the day slips away,
Let me tell you what to play:

Leave your toys, girls and boys,
Come without a bit of noise.

Off with clothes — Nursie knows
What's the costume I propose.

"All in white?" That is right!
Now the bedroom candles light.

Jump in here — never fear —
Play you are a sailor, dear.

In this boat you may float
Off to Slumberland remote.

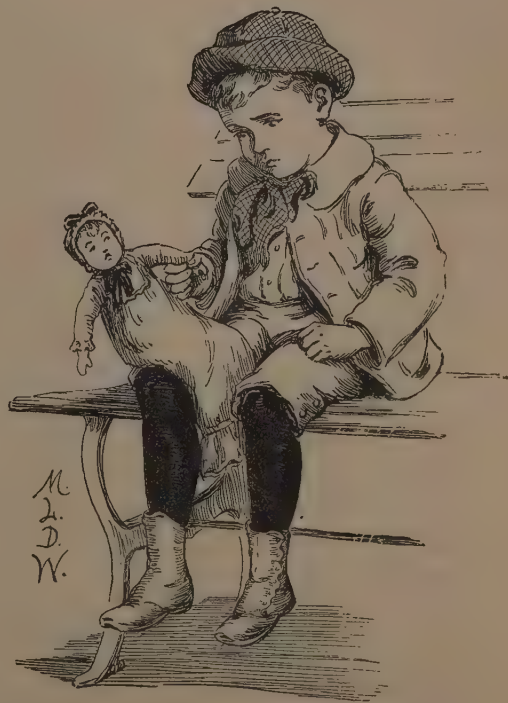
Then wee Fred wisely said,
"Ho! your play means 'go to bed.'"

LITTLE PETER'S PUNISHMENT.

Little Peter Piper liked to tease his three big sisters, and one day he hid their hats so that they could not find them and could not go to school.

"Peter, we will punish you for this," the three sisters said.

How do you think they did it? The girls knew that their little brother thought it was very silly "to play with dolls;" so they made him sit on the piazza settee for half an hour and hold "Miss Baby," the big wax doll, and he did not dare let her fall either; so he had to



sit there and keep fast hold all the while of the little wax arm.

THE STORY OF BABY'S PLATE.

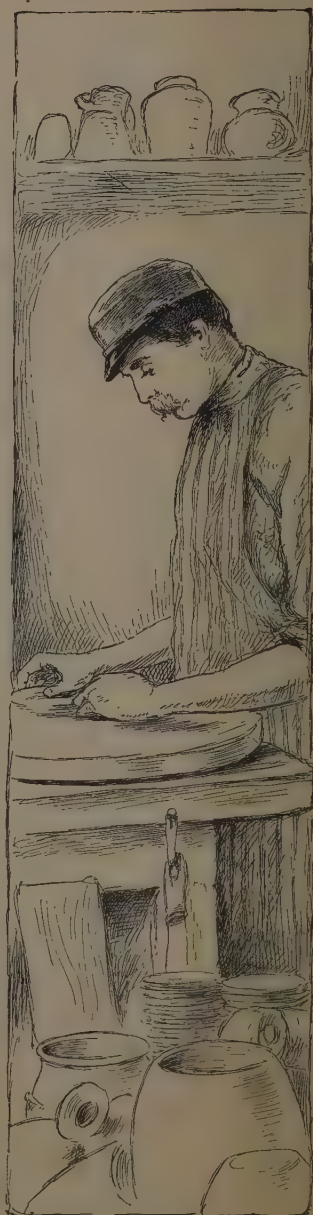
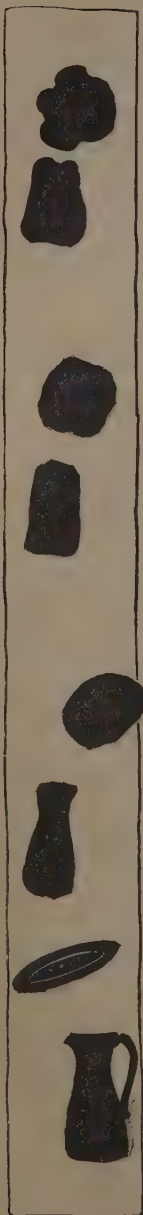
Near and far away
 First he sought for clay
 Till the finest he had found,
 And this finest, finer ground.

Then, with careful hand,
 Measured marl and sand;
 Softened all with water, then
 Mixed and ground, and ground
 again.

Ready then, the clay
 Tough and plastic lay,
 Till beside his wheel he stood
 Where he shaped it as he
 would.

Swift his wheel did turn,
 Shaping vase or urn;
 Toiled the Potter, early, late,
 Shaping pitcher, cup or plate.

When they all were done,
 Then he dried each one;



Packed in ovens all, to bake—
Harder still the clay to make.

Harder grew the clay,
While, both night and day,
Faithful men the fires fed,
Kept them glowing fiercely red.

When the clay had grown
Firm and hard as stone,
'Neath the Potter's hand there
grew
Other wonders strange and
new.

Dipped in glazing white
Soon the ware shone bright!
Decked with patterns gilt and
gay
One could scarcely think it
clay!

Furnace heat again
Hardened all, and then
Finished was the labor great—
There was Baby's China Plate!





A GOOD TIME FOR THE BABIES.

HOW MARJORIE BEHAVED.



MARJORIE.

All little boys and girls know what it is to "get up the wrong way." Marjorie knew and she did not enjoy herself those days, although she tried to do so by having her own way in everything. On those "wrong" days she did not like to play in the house. She knew very well that she should say to her mamma "*I will!*" and "*I will not!*" in naughty, naughty tones. So she would take her little pet dog, Duke, and go away by herself in the garden.

One of those "wrong" days Marjorie was out a long time.

When mamma looked, there was no Marjorie in the garden. But she saw her in the street, walking slowly, with her head down. Duke with his big red ribbon, and his head and tail drooping, trotted behind her. They both showed that they knew they were doing wrong. At mamma's voice the procession halted. Marjorie came back as far as the gate and then, O dear! such a noise! The crying set Duke to barking, and the tears ran down her face in floods so fast that she stopped crying and leaned over so that they could drop on the pavement, where they made quite a respectable shower—and that was the end of it. Now was not that a funny way to behave?



DUKE.

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From Turkey.

Little Mustapha
Sits at his ease
Cross-legged on a cushion,
As grave as you please;

He tells Baby Bunting
The way she may tread
And balance a pitcher
Upon her bright head;



Beside him a tray-full
Of oranges ripe,
And in his brown fingers
His father's long pipe.

He gives her a scarf,
All of beautiful work,
That she may remember
Mustapha, the Turk.

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AN AFTERNOON CANTER.



THE HEN THAT PLAYED HIDE AND SEEK.

THE HEN THAT PLAYED HIDE AND SEEK.

Bobby had no one to play with. Even old nurse Nora must shell the peas, and at last Bobby sat down and cried.

"Come here," said old Nora then. "Shut your eyes and I will hide a pea for you to find.

1, 2 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10!

Now open your eyes! Can you see the pea?"

No, Bobby did not see the pea.

"I see it," said Nora.

"Now I see it, too," said Bobby. "It is by your shoe."

So it was. Then Bobby hid

the pea, near a pail; but Bobby's hen came and ate it before Nora could find it.

"Cut, cut, cut!" said the hen.

"What did she say, Nora?" asked Bobby.

"Cut, cut, cut!" said the hen.

"I think," said Nora, "the hen wants to play with us. Instead of a pea she has hidden an egg for you to find."

Bobby looked in a box, and in a pail, and in the coop by

the door; and in the coop he saw a warm white egg.

"Cut, cut, cut!" said the hen, "he's found it! found it! Bobby's found it!"

But Bobby dropped the egg and cracked it, and then Nurse Nora poured the pretty gold and white out on a plate, and made Bobby a wee omelette; and the hen sat on Nora's chair-back and said "Cut, cut, I hid it! and he found it!"

WHAT KITTY THOUGHT.

This round red ball all full of air
That I must toss with so much care —
They say it is a toy balloon;
I think it is a baby-moon,
I think it is a real sky-thing,
And should I loose its little string
'Twould rise and sail up high, and high,
And grow a great moon in the sky!



KITTY.

THE STORY OF BABY'S BREAD.

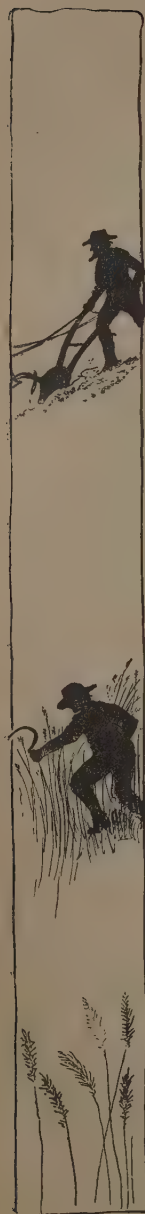
(The mother speaks.)

Help, Neighbors, help !
For our bread, good Neighbors,
Please to lend your labors —
Help, Neighbors, help !

Drive, Plowman, drive !
Keep the plowshare steady,
Make the wheat field ready —
Drive, Plowman, drive !

Speed, Farmer, speed !
Sow the wheat and tend it,
To the Miller send it —
Speed, Farmer, speed !

Grind, Miller, grind !
By the mill-stream's power
Grind the wheat to flour —
Grind, Miller, grind !



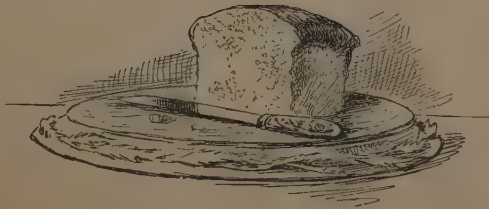
Haste, Baker, haste!
 Here's the flour — take it,
 Sift and mix and bake it —
 Haste, Baker, haste!

(The neighbors speak.)

See, Mother, see!
 By our labors granted,
 Here's the bread you wanted —
 See, Mother, see!

(The mother speaks again.)

Thanks, Neighbors, thanks!
 Baby, too, un-knowing,
 Many thanks is owing —
 Thanks, Neighbors, thanks!



IN THE WORK-BASKET.

Some one wanted a pretty bed
 And didn't stop to ask it;
 'Twas Frisk, this kitten, we found
 to-day
 Asleep in mamma's basket.



"OH, YOU ROGUE!"

The linen thread and scarlet yarn
 She had tangled all together,
 Had chewed the bow on the needle-book
 And scratched its pretty leather;

Had crumpled Nellie's muslin dress
 And pushed the scissors through it —

It really was a puzzle how
 A little cat could do it!



"SUCH A ROGUE!"

She'd torn a piece of mamma's lace;
 Indeed it was quite shocking!
 And then lain down to take her
 nap,
 Her head on Johnny's stocking.

AT THE SEA SHORE.



“The tide is in — we can’t go out !”

Down on the beach the children cry ;
Behind the safety-rope they wait
And watch the white surf breaking high.



“The tide is out — we can go in !”

And off the shoes and stockings fly ;
Star-fish and crabs, sea-weed and shells,
Upon the smooth wet sand they spy.

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From Africa

Merry eyes and dancing
Has this little girl ;
Teeth as white as ivory,
Hair of closest curl.

Joyously she dances,
Gaily sings and plays;
Baby Bunting likes her
For her merry ways.



On her head a turban
She has put, for fun,
Tied it like her mother's
Big and splendid one.

"Shall we have some music?"
Loud she drums the pan —
Black and blithe and cheery
Little African!

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A LETTER TO GRANDPAPA.

A FISH STORY.



THE PATIENT CHILDREN.

Little Jyp and Joe had tried all the vacation to catch a fish. Every morning they took their little fish poles and went out and sat down by grandpa's big pond and cast in their lines and kept still, and did not speak a word for ten long minutes. But no chub, no perch, not even a minnow, would bite, and Jyp and Joe thought that grandpa's fish were very selfish. It was the last day of the visit and they had come down to fish in the pond for the last time.

"Good-by, you stingy fish!" said Joe.

"Good-by, you unkind fish!" said Jyp, with a vexed little twitch of her line, as she jumped up—and, what do you think?

As she twitched her line out, there was a silver gleam and twinkle up in the air, and a fat little chub came flying right around Jyp's hat, and hit her cheek with its wet side!

Joe looked on with big eyes. "It is a fish! it *is*! It is, I say! Hurrah! We have caught a fish!" They ran to the house as fast as they could, the fish, hook and all, in Jyp's fat little hand.

"A fish! a fish!" they just screamed as they came in sight.

Grandpa and grandma and
papa and mamma came out to
see — and they were so excited
over, that fish, that the whistle
blew and they were too late for
the train, and so had to stay
until the next day ! Yes, they
really and truly did !

MAMMA'S CORONATION.

I've made a pretty crown,
And my mamma's the queen ;
It has some buds of red
And fine large leaves of green.

Mamma — O, she can do
So many, many things —
She reads my story books,
My little songs she sings ;

She bakes my little pies,
My lovely sugar cakes ;
And all my pretty suits
My darling mamma makes :



She is the best mamma
All up and down the town ;
And she each day shall have
A very nice new crown !

THE STORY OF BABY'S PLAY-THINGS.

Said the Ivory Ring:
 "I can tell a strange thing
 That perhaps you don't know;
 But — a long time ago —
 In an Elephant's tusk did this
 ivory grow."

Said the new Noah's Ark
 With its animals: "Hark!
 If your wooden toys please,
 You must thank the good
 Trees,
 For they give all the wood to
 make such things as these."

Said the big Rubber Ball:
 "Yes, and that is not all!
 For a Tree far away
 Gave its sap — so they say —
 To make soft rubber toys for
 the wee Babies' play."



Said the little Tin Pail :
 "And now I'll tell a tale !
 'Twas the Miner who found
 Me at first underground,
 And the Tinsmith who made
 me so shiny and round."

Said the pretty pink Shell ;
 "Many things I could tell
 Of the wonderful Sea
 Where my home used to be,
 And the queer little creature
 who once lived in me !"

Baby dear, it is true !
 All mankind works for you ;
 And the Creatures and Trees,
 And the Earth and the Seas,
 One and all give up something
 the Baby to please.





THE CATCHERS.



THE PITCHER.

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

FROM CHINA

This is Ching, the Chinaman,
 Little fat Ching Lee ;
 He can help the workmen
 Carry home the tea.

He and Baby Bun shall have
 Something very nice :
 Each a pair of little sticks
 And a bowl of rice.



Funny little eyes he has,
 And a funny queue
 Hanging from his pointed hat
 Almost to his shoe.

Little Ching eats very fast,
 His is gone so soon ;
 "Deary me !" says Baby Bun,
 "I should like a spoon !"

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MY PAPA'S HORSE, HERO.

TRUMP AND HERO.

We have two horses, Hero and Trump —
I think that their names are funny ;
My papa bought them ; I s'pose he paid
As much as a dollar in money.
Trump is ready to pull so steady
With never a bit of prancing ;
But Hero goes on his tip-top-toes
And likes to be always dancing.

BABY BUN'S RIDE.



BABY BUN RIDING "LIGHTNING."

to see the sights in the great world. He rode down the garden-path, ten miles or less, and home again. And what did Baby Bun see as he rode on and on? Baby Bun saw the most astonishing things ; he saw two bees in one rose, three kittens asleep in a heap, and a little chicken standing

Baby Bun rode out to-day on his new horse " Lightning," on the mother hen's back as she sat in the sun.

TOMMY'S STORY.



Once there was a kitten,
A tiny little kitten.
You wouldn't think — but he's my great big cat!
Yes, he was once a kitten,
A tiny little kitten,
Though now he is so very big and fat.

He began by growing,
And he kept on a-growing.
He grew, and grew, and grew, with all his might.
He did it all by growing,
And he still keeps a-growing —
The sight of him must give the mice a fright!



Don't you think this kitten
A truly smart young kitten,
To know the way to get to be a cat?
He was my own, own kitten.
He was the very kitten
This story is about! Just think of that!



THE STORY OF BABY'S PICTURE-BOOK.



One day I went strolling —
And what did I see?
A man who was busy
As busy could be.

They called him an Artist,
And all that he saw
He could with his pencil
Most cunningly draw.

Cats, kittens and doggies,
Birds, butterflies, bees,
Hens, chickens and horses,
And flowers and trees,



And houses and churches,
 And sun, moon and stars,
 And sailboats and steamships,
 And engines and cars,

And people and children,
 At work and at play,
 This Artist could draw
 In a wonderful way!

And why he was working
 From morning till night
 Was just to make pictures
 For Baby's delight!





THE HOME GUARD.

LITTLE HASTY-WASTY.

Little Hasty-Wasty was not a bad boy — oh, no ! but he never could wait to do things at the right time. He would always meet papa at the door and tell all the nice surprises, and he gave his Christmas gifts as soon as he bought them, because he could not wait for Christmas day. And once, when it was very warm, he put on his new fur cap and coat and wore them to school because he could not wait for a cold day, and all the children laughed at foolish little Hasty-Wasty.



To London Town, to London Town, we now are taking Nan,
And Kit goes down to London Town, and baby too, and Fan ;
To London Town, to London Town,
We children all are journeying down !

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From France

Bonny little Jeanne,
How her black eyes dance!
Loves the sunny fields
Of her native France.

Skillfully she weaves
Lovely pillow-lace,
Makes her courtesy low
With a modest grace.



Loves its deep blue skies,
And its vineyards fair,
Where the purple grapes
Sweeten all the air.

So polite is she,
Little black-eyed Jeanne,
Smiling Baby Bun
Courtesies back again.

BABYLAND

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November, 1889.

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"I GOT MY SHOE OFF, ALL ALONE, MY OWN SELF!"

WASHING-DAY.



Restless little Yi-Yi —
Where, O, shall he take her?
Naughty little Yi-Yi —
Shall he kiss or shake her?

Fretting little Ya-Ya,
Screaming on his shoulder,
Squirming little Ya-Ya —
How, O, shall he hold her?

Soapy-soapy-sudsy!
Busy Monday-mother!
Who shall tend the babies?
Where's the Monday-brother?

Up and down a-Monday,
All to help his mother,
Round about he trudges —
Bless the little brother!

LITTLE TOMMY'S DREAM.

When Tommy came down
stairs the morning after Thanks-
giving there was not a smile to
be seen on his dear little face.

“Why, what is the matter,
Tommy?” said mamma.

“I had a dream, mamma,”
Tommy said. “Do you know,

mamma, if any kind of animal or fowl eat us?"

"Eat us! Why, no," said mamma; "none that we know, not any tame ones."

"Well," said Tommy, "I guess, maybe, perhaps, that turkeys and chickens think that people are all wild beasts."

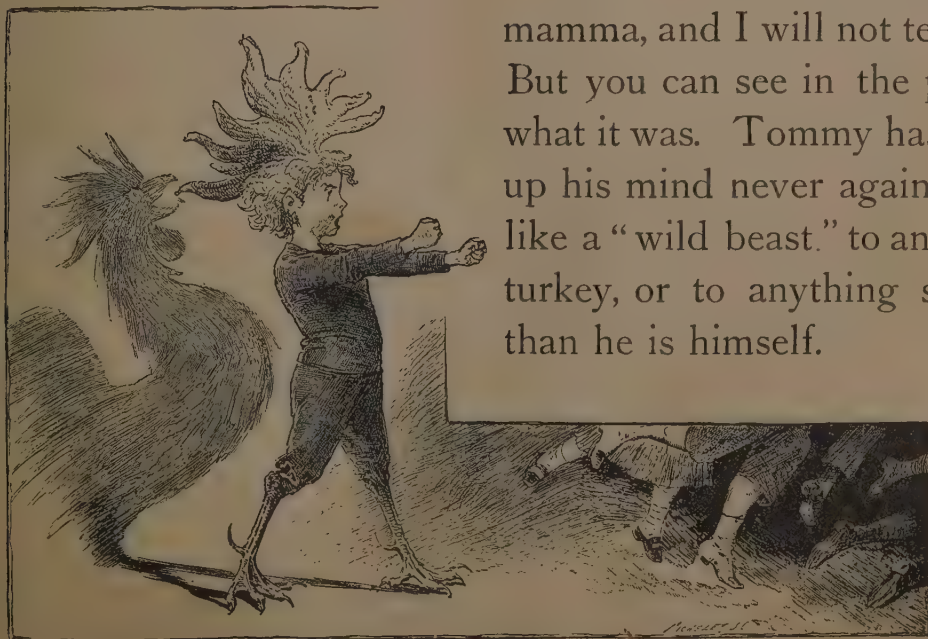
"Well, Tommy," said mamma, with a queer look at her little boy, "some turkeys might think so of some people."

Tommy hung his head. He had chased the big Thanksgiving turkey, the day they tried to catch him, with shouts and screams and sticks and stones. He liked to see the big fowl run and flap his wings and to hear him gobble.

Poor scared turkey!

And then, too, Tommy had "had a dream," as he said, and he was sure he knew how the turkey felt.

He did not tell the dream to mamma, and I will not tell you. But you can see in the picture what it was. Tommy has made up his mind never again to act like a "wild beast" to any poor turkey, or to anything smaller than he is himself.



THE STORY OF BABY'S CRIB.

There once was a Tree, Baby
dear,
And it grew and grew
Till the sky so blue
Seemed right at its top, Baby
dear.

A Man brought an ax, Baby
dear,
And he chopped and
chopped
Till the branches dropped.
And crash! fell the tree, Baby
dear.

Away to the mill, Baby dear,
Did the Tree go then,
And the busy Men
Sawed it up into boards, Baby
dear.



The Carpenter worked, Baby
 dear,
 With a saw again,
 And his hammer and plane,
 And made you a Crib, Baby
 dear.

Papa brought it home, Baby
 dear;
 And so, from the Tree
 There has come, you see,
 Your own little Crib, Baby
 dear!





MAMMA'S GARLAND.



A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY.

PUSSY SPOKE TOO!

“How can he, oh, how can he?”
 Cried sobbing little Nanny,
 As pussy’s tail and whiskers too
 Johnny pulled till he made him mew.

“How can I, oh, how can I?”
 It doesn’t hurt him, Nanny!

This is the way I do it — see!
 ’Tis just as easy as it can be!”

Then pussy jumped! right on he
 Sprang, and scratched poor Johnny!
 “*This* is the way *I* do it — see!
 ’Tis just as easy as it can be!”

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From Switzerland

Where the mountains rise
Steep and snowy-clad,
In his cabin lives
Jacques, the Switzer lad.

With his knife he carves
Toys and trifles fine,
And for Baby Bun
Makes a doll of pine.



Like a goat he climbs,
Nimble, swift and strong;
Up and down the hills
Rings his merry song.

"Ho! Toho!" he cries:
All the keen air thrills.
Ho! for merry Jacques,
And the Alpine hills!

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SANTA CLAUS' LITTLE BOY.

BABY'S SAD CHRISTMAS.

Do you not feel sorry for any one who has a sad Christmas? Our Baby had a *very* sad one last year, and the saddest part was that it was all her own fault.



DEDIE AND HER DOLL.

When Baby first saw her stocking in the morning, she was so glad that she jumped up and down for joy, and spatted her little hands together; but her joy did not last long, and I will tell you why — because her sister Dedie, who is four years old, had such a big, beautiful Santa Claus doll, with a fur cloak and a Christmas Tree in his arms, that when Baby saw it she could not look at her own presents any more.

And she had so many of them! Four dolls, a Noah's ark, picture-books, and all sorts of things that she likes. But she made up her naughty little mind that she would not play with anything but Dedie's big Santa Claus doll in the fur cloak. Now Dedie is a very kind big sister, and always gives up to the Baby, but mamma said Baby could not have the Santa Claus doll — she must play with her own. But poor Baby wouldn't play with anything

all day, and cried and cried and cried for Dedie's Santa Claus doll.

But late in the afternoon Baby went with them all to a real Christmas Tree at her aunty's house, and there the first thing that was taken off the beautiful Tree was a lovely doll, as large as Dedie's, dressed like Mrs. Santa Claus, and made of stuff that wouldn't break, with real hair and a fur bonnet and cloak.

So poor Baby went home happy, hugging Mrs. Santa Claus in both her little fat arms; and ever since Christmas that doll has slept in the best cradle, beside Baby's own bed, furs and all sometimes, and often, long after she ought to be asleep, I hear Baby all alone in the dark, singing, "Bye, baby dear!"



"BYE, BABY DEAR!"



Ho, ho, little boy! are you a rabbit?

Hop, then, hop!

Here's a sugar-plum, hop and grab it!

Hop, now, hop!

See, we scatter you Christmas-candy!

Come, now, hop!

Ha, ha! at hopping you are not handy!

You may stop!

THE STORY OF BABY'S PILLOW.

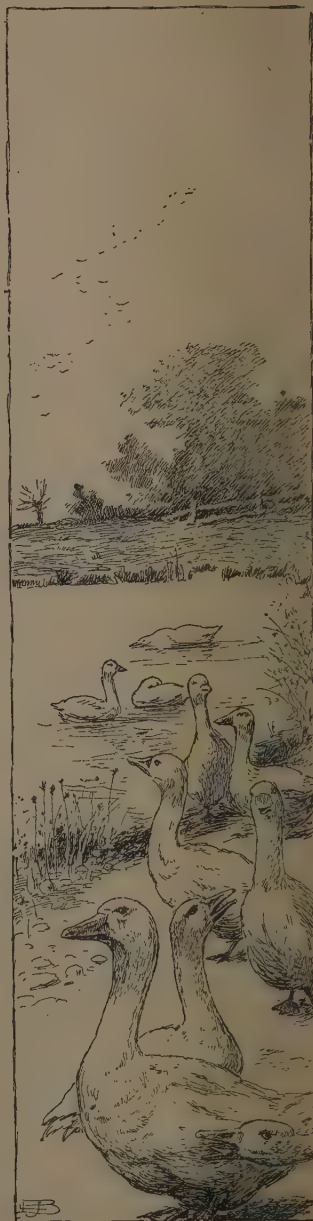


These are the Eggs that were
put in a nest;
These are the Goslings in yellow down drest.

This is the Farm-yard where,
living in peace,
All the young Goslings grew
up to be Geese.

Here's the Goose-family waddling about —
In a procession they always
walk out.

This is the Farmer who said,
“Every Goose
Now has some feathers on,
ready for use.”

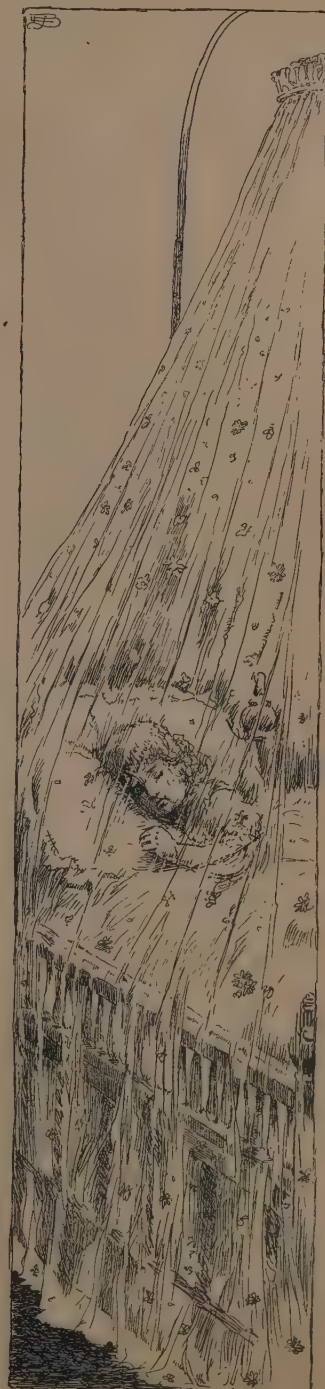


This is the Farmer's Wife,
plucking with care
All of the feathers the Geese
can well spare.

This is the Pillow the Mer-
chant displayed:
"Yes, of the finest Goose-
feathers 'tis made."

This is the Mother who put on
its case,
Laid the wee Pillow away in
its place.

This is the Crib with its fur-
nishings white,
This the dear Baby who bids
you "Good-night."





THIS IS THE WAY LITTLE BESS SKATES.

MAMMA MOLLY.



WASHING THE PARTY DRESSES.

“Now, dears,” said Mamma Molly to the dolls, “next week we go to your Grandpapa’s for Christmas, and I have just all I can do to get you ready, and so you must try to be good.”

Mamma Molly had indeed much to do. There were four dolls to go. All the white party-dresses were to “do up” to wear at the Christmas-Tree, new cloaks to be made for the journey, their trunk to pack,

and gifts to prepare, so that each doll should have a present for Grandpapa.

I am glad to say the dolls were good the whole week, and that everything was done in time. Would you like to know what the dolls gave Grandpapa? Miss Rose gave him a piece of pink silk to rub his glasses with; Miss Grace a pin-ball, Miss Lily a watch-cord, and Miss Betty a Christmas card.



MAKING MISS ROSE'S GIFT FOR GRANDPAPA

BABY BUNTING'S NEIGHBORS

From South America

Roaring Wind, the Indian,
In his blanket blue,
Gay with paint and feathers —
Like his father, too,

Grave he is and sober,
Till his look she heeds,
Gives him very shyly
From her neck some beads.



He can snap the bowstring,
Aim with careful eye;
Baby Bun is frightened
When the arrows fly.

Then with motions friendly
Merrily they play,
Till he seeks his wigwam
At the close of day.



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